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## REVIEWS

*Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, Ruins, &c.; accompanied with Descriptive Notes, Maps, and Plans, illustrative of a Journey from India to Europe, followed by an outline of an Overland Route, statistical Remarks, &c., intended to show the Advantage and Practicability of Steam Navigation from England to India.* By Capt. C. F. Head. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE chief object of this work, says the author, is to maintain the British Empire in the East; to extend the benefits of commerce, and to open a ready path to the most celebrated scenes and monuments of the ancient world. To show how easily all this can be accomplished, he details his own experiences and the result of his own observations: he went on board a ship at Bombay on the 6th of October, 1829; touched at the Isle of Socatra; passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandel; took a look at Cosseir on the Red Sea; journeyed from Suez to Cairo and Alexandria, and reached England by the way of Malta. As time was not an object with him, he lingered a long time by the way, making inquiries and measurements, examining old canals, mouldering cities and temples; and, justly distrusting the accuracy of description, he called in the aid of the pencil, and delineated all that was interesting in his route. That portion of the work which discusses and illustrates the splendid antiquities of Egypt, may be consulted with much advantage by those who have not access to Denon, and if the corresponding volume of the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library' is laid by its side, the reader will, for a comparatively small sum, see all that is striking in the ruins of tombs and temples, and learn all that is instructive in the past and present condition of the people.

We shall not now enter into further examination of this part of Capt. Head's work; but proceed to investigate, with his assistance, the best mode of promoting a quick communication between England and India, through the agency of steam navigation, and inquire into the security which such a measure will afford to our Eastern frontier, when menaced with an invasion from Russia. All this, we know, has for some time been under the consideration of the Company and the Government: men of experience and capacity have made their surveys, and drawn out their reports; and the investigation is still going on, though, for wise purposes, nothing, or next to nothing, is made public. It is well known, that Russia has made herself acquainted with the most practicable paths to Hindostan, and to her hardy armies, along march through a barbarous and difficult country is not a matter of alarm. One of our own ministers, some years ago, endeavoured to soothe the public mind, by describing the dreary deserts, inaccessible mountains, and deep and rapid rivers, which the Russian invaders would

have to encounter on their way to India; and concluded with the assurance, that when wearied and worn out with a three years march to the Indus, they would find drawn up on its banks, the flower of the British army, waited to the scene of action by a navy which rode mistress of the seas, and by its rapidity of movement brought India close to England, giving at once security and protection. Much of this is accurate; but if true, when the conveyance of armed men by means of sailing ships was only contemplated, it is equally so when steam navigation promises to waft an army in fifty days from the Thames to the Indus.

But it is not for military operations alone, that such a change of route will be advantageous: it presents a ready road to commerce; a quick conveyance for information, both by despatch and letter, and shortens by one-half, the distance which separates the officers of our Indian army from their native land. The expense of establishing this line of communication will be comparatively small; and not only will a vast increase of our commercial intercourse take place, but a direct saving in point of outlay will be annually made. We alluded to several of these points, when the able and circumstantial Report of Capt. Chesney on the same subject, was lately before us, and we indicated the three routes which he had examined and described. The way by the Euphrates seemed to us the best, as it was certainly the nearest; and though there are wild hordes on the river banks, they would soon learn to respect those who could retaliate; the route by the Isthmus of Suez came recommended both by the wise men of antiquity and of our own times; and something similar may be said of the communication between the Red Sea and the Nile: in truth, canals existed in both these places in other days; that between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean seems only to have been cut part of the way; it was probably relinquished from dread of pouring the waters of the sea of Suez down a descent of some sixty feet, for locks in those days had not been invented. Capt. Head gives his attention to the route by Suez alone, and we now proceed to lay some of his researches and calculations before our readers. He commences in these words:

"The Ancients remarked, that the discovery of a direct communication from the straits of Bab-el-Mandel to the shores of India brought that country nearer to the rest of the World, and the event is recorded as a great triumph of science and skill. It remains for the present generation to crown the march of enterprise and improvement in the nineteenth century, by reducing the period of intercourse between Great Britain and India to one-half the time it has hitherto averaged, and to maintain it with the capital of our Eastern possessions, through a regular and safe channel at the rate of two months' time. The capabilities of the places named as depôts, their distances from each other, and the opinion of qualified persons on the power and capacity of steamers, leave no doubt as to the practicability of the object. An

inquiry as to the result of such an undertaking leads to the assumption that this desideratum will be accomplished without any expense to the public, who, on the contrary, will, in all probability, derive a large increase of revenue by carrying it into effect. I shall proceed to point out the proposed plan for a Post Office communication between England and India through the ancient channel of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, confident that an undertaking of such moment, involving the interests of thousands of Englishmen and millions of British subjects, will receive a fair share of support. The items of expenditure adduced in this inquiry, are from estimates given by competent persons, and will be tested by results drawn from a voyage made by the Enterprise steam-vessel from England in 1825, round the Cape of Good Hope to India, the distance and duration of which form unquestionable data, though excluding many benefits that might be gained by adopting improvements subsequently made; considerations which cannot fail to weigh greatly on the present occasion. It must also be remembered that all probable expenses are enumerated, whilst the benefits and receipts likely to arise, with the exception of those of the Post Office, cannot at present be ascertained. When the route is known, and security fully established, it will, no doubt, become the channel for the conveyance of specie and valuable articles of small bulk. Experience will also suggest many arrangements that must lead to economy, and reduce the expenditure far below the present estimates."

From England to Alexandria, and from Suez to Bombay, the navigation is easy and safe: the European portion of the plan, the author proposes to accomplish by the ordinary steam packets, and the Asiatic part by means of the Indian Navy. From Alexandria to Cairo and thence to Suez, a distance of 490 miles, goods and letters may be carried, and men may travel as safely as in England. The present ruler of Egypt covets intercourse with us: he has learned to respect the victors of the Nile and Alexandria, and, what is better, he knows that he can only export the extra produce of his country by our courtesy. Our author seems to have considered the subject ripely:—

"The home division of the proposed steam establishment will unite itself with the Post Office steamers that at present run each month in the year between Falmouth and Malta. The passage between those ports averages throughout the year sixteen days, including two days' delay at Gibraltar. In each voyage a vessel may be reckoned to have her steam up 14 days, or 336 hours, and will have gone a distance by course of 2250 miles, thereby making her rate of passage upwards of six and a half miles an hour. If two days' delay be allowed at Malta, and the same rate of motion be continued onwards to Alexandria, a distance of 857 miles, it will be found that a mail will reach Alexandria in 24 days after its departure from England. A glance at the Outline Map will show the proposed route in continuance to India. Cairo, situated between Alexandria and Suez, and about mid-way from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, may be reached from Alexandria by a land journey of two days, and, as will appear by the Journal that accom-

panies this, there is no difficulty in travelling from Cairo to Suez in two marches. But suppose six days are allowed for passing from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, (altogether 175 miles,) the latter will be reached in 30 days from the time of departure from England.

"Between Suez and Bombay a *depôt*, or place of supply, is proposed without the Straits of Bab-el-Mandel at Aden, distant by course from Suez 1323 miles. At Aden, as at Malta, two days will be sufficient to replenish stores from a floating magazine. Another stage of 1644 miles would reach Bombay. Computing the rate of transit as already named, or six and a half miles an hour, it would take eight and a half days to proceed from Suez to Aden, and from the latter place to Bombay ten and a half days would be required. The steam would therefore require to be up altogether about 456 hours to perform the whole distance of 2967 miles, which separates Egypt from the shores of India. If to the above nineteen days the delay be added of two days at Aden, a packet will be found to pass between Suez and Bombay in twenty-one days, making a total of *fifty-one days* for the passage of the mail between Falmouth and Bombay.

"From Bombay the distance by the *dak*, or post road, is 1265 miles to Calcutta, and to Madras by the same line of route the journey is 836 miles. Mails in India are conveyed by horse or foot *dak*, and travel at the rate of six and a half or four miles the hour. If the most expeditious of these conveyances be adopted, letters from England that reach Bombay in fifty-one days will arrive at Madras in less than fifty-seven days, and may be distributed at Calcutta, our seat of government in the East, in about fifty-nine days, or in two months from their departure from London. An investigation into this statement will show that the time here specified is, in all probability, more than would be required to attain the proposed object even on a first endeavour."

Captain Head unfolds his project more fully in the following passage:—

"The Mediterranean packet departs from Falmouth some time in the beginning of each month. Suppose she start on the 1st, she will arrive at Malta on the 16th of January, and leave that place to return to Falmouth on the 18th of the same month. The branch steamer above alluded to will arrive at Malta also on the 16th, from Alexandria, having left the latter place with the Indian mail on the 10th of January. She will exchange mails with the English packet, and sail again for Alexandria also on the 18th, where she will arrive on the 24th, and remain until the 10th of the following month, at which date the Indian mail will again arrive, to be forwarded by her to Malta, there to meet the Falmouth packet as in the preceding month. Although the 16th is the date here fixed for the arrival of the mails at Malta, it is evident that any other date may be equally conformed to, providing it be known at Bombay, so as to cause the Indian mail to reach Malta the day the packet from England arrives at the same place. By the proposed plan it will be seen that the branch steamer will in each month be twelve days at sea, sixteen days at Alexandria, and two days at Malta. This voyage has an extent only of 837 miles, and it will be well to note the fate of dispatches recently transmitted by this route. They were brought from India to Egypt by the Hugh Lindsay, and the whole expense attending their transmission could not have been much less than 5,000*l*. The steamer landed her mail in Egypt twenty-eight days after leaving Bombay. The same dispatches were only fourteen days by the steam packet between Malta and Falmouth, but they were sixty days in getting from the Red Sea, and proceeding by a sailing vessel to Malta! Such

instances of failure are at all times equally liable to occur, and most forcibly point out the necessity of a connected chain of steam communication throughout this line. A single link in such a project left incomplete, will continually subject the public to keen disappointment, as the following instances more fully prove. 'Lord Keith, with seven sail of the line and two frigates, was a month beating from Alexandria to Malta. Many of the transports with French troops from Cairo were four months reaching Marseilles.'"

The calculations of the author seem made from intimate acquaintance with the subject: to his own knowledge he has added that of other practical and scientific men—we may state some of the conclusions:—

"Steam packets of between 400 and 500 tons, and of 140-horse power each vessel, are those proposed by Sir Pulteney Malcolm in the Report already alluded to for the Mediterranean voyage, as being sufficiently commodious for carrying stores and supplies, and possessed of every quality to enable them to perform their varied duties. They will also accommodate about twenty passengers. A vessel of a similar kind is recommended as the medium of communication between Malta and Alexandria. The consumption of coals for this class of steam vessels is computed at 21 bushels, 561bs. per hour, or something less than nineteen tons each day. The price of coal at Malta is 24*s*. per ton, and the branch steamer between Malta and Alexandria will take a supply of coal for a voyage to the latter place, and for a return. It has also been stated that to perform this voyage she must have her steam up 129 hours. If we therefore conclude that for eleven days she will consume at the rate of nineteen tons of coal per day, at a price of 24*s*. each ton, the monthly cost for fuel will come to 250*l*. 16*s*., or a sum of 500*l*. 12*s*. will be required to cover the annual expense of twelve double voyages between Malta and Alexandria. The following annual charges for such a vessel must also be added, being the estimate in Sir Pulteney Malcolm's Report.

	£.	s.
The first cost and outfit of such a vessel 12000 <i>l</i> ., duration 20 years . . .	600	0
A complete repair and three sets of boilers once in 20 years, 4000 <i>l</i> . . .	200	0
Wages for the crew . . . . .	1200	0
Victuals for the crew . . . . .	565	0
For the repair of the vessel's hull and machinery, and for stores . . . . .	400	0
	2965	0
Cost for coals for one year, (as above)	3069	12
Making a total of . . . . .	5974	12

This constitutes the additional expense that would be incurred in the Mediterranean to carry the proposed plan into complete effect. Proceeding eastward in our investigation, it will be necessary to make provision for an agent in Egypt to forward the arrangement in that country, and afford such assistance as may be requisite in facilitating it, also to ensure regularity in the conveyance of the mail and of couriers across the Isthmus of Suez. A sum of twenty pounds per month will keep up an establishment of twelve dromedaries or fast camels. By such precaution the mail would always be secure of regular transport for the 175 miles that separate Alexandria from Suez, and the few passengers who for various reasons may wish to continue their voyage without longer delay, would also be able easily to accomplish it. To ensure the superintendence of a competent agent, one thousand pounds for outlay will be attached to the annual expenditure."

Captain Head now proceeds to calculate the probable outlay of establishing a line of

communication, extending from Suez to Bombay: we cannot go into his details—here are the results:—

	£.	s.
"The following is the result of the foregoing calculations:		
Estimate to renew capital, and for wear and tear . . . . .	3,900	0
Pay and victualling of officers and crew . . . . .	7,907	0
Annual repairs and for stores . . . . .	2,400	0
For casual expenses, including two floating magazines at Suez and at Aden, supplies of water, &c. . . . .	1,493	0
	15,700	0
To which is to be added the annual expense for fuel . . . . .	14,640	0

Making a total expense for the establishment in the Indian Seas of 30,340 0

"By comparing this estimate with the expenses of steam packets in the Mediterranean, as noted a few pages back, it will be evident that no item is under-rated. It will be necessary to bear in mind, that the Mediterranean packets are 60 or 80 tons larger than the others, and exceed them by 20-horse power. The probable expenses, exclusive of fuel, for three vessels, such as form the India establishment by those estimated, would be less than £8,895, or little more than half what has been allowed. There is little doubt but the amount of disbursements in these calculations would be found to exceed the total expense of maturing the project, as each part in detail has been put on the most liberal footing."

The East India government allow their officers, who proceed to Egypt on account of ill health, to retain their allowances, as they at present do if they proceed to the Cape of Good Hope or places eastward of it. A voyage of fourteen days towards Egypt will cause the thermometer to fall to 70, and introduce the invalid to a fine climate, where his health may be restored.

"The Red Sea is not the only route by which it is hoped to establish a steam communication between India and Europe. The line of the Euphrates river and the Persian Gulf has been recommended. No steam vessel has yet attempted a voyage in this direction, and we are not sufficiently acquainted with the route fairly to discuss its merits. A reference to the Map, however, will show that a change of vessels must take place to ascend the Euphrates, and the uncertainty of river navigation is also an objection where regularity is required, both as regards public and private convenience, for it has been shown, that to ensure economy and dispatch, the steamers' movements in the Mediterranean and Indian Seas must closely conform to each other. If, after a survey of the Euphrates, the communication to India by the Persian Gulf should appear preferable to that by the Red Sea, a transfer of the packets can be readily made. In the mean time the route by the Red Sea being known to be practicable, its immediate adoption should not be prevented by the possibility of the other becoming so. Apart from the natural obstacles that, on a close investigation, may be found to exist by the way of the Euphrates, the political state of the countries through which the communication must pass, would seem to present insurmountable difficulties. A better opinion on this latter point will be formed after a perusal of the article that follows. We would wish the plan we are advocating to be judged by its true merits and obvious utility; it is here brought forward in a tangible form, and it should not be set aside, unless another, grounded on data equally

certain, and likely to have more advantageous results, be submitted for adoption."

We have quoted this passage for the purpose of saying a word or two on the route by the Euphrates, recommended to the public by the report of Captain Chesney. He sounded the River as far as Bir, and found no place but where a boat drawing twenty inches of water could float in safety; having ascertained this, he planned steam-boats, such as would suit the river, and having launched them, in imagination, he guided them into the Mediterranean by a canal of some 60 miles, connecting the Euphrates with the Orontes. On inquiry, we find that not only are steam-boats drawing twenty inches of water, practicable, but that such have been made, to navigate the Ganges, by the Messrs. Maudslays, and that several of them are now on their way to India. These steam-boats draw, we are told, fifteen inches of water only, are made wholly of iron, contain room for the conductor and stowage for papers or light commodities, but they are calculated to hook on another iron boat, capable of carrying a couple of hundred men. Here we have at once such steam-boats as the Euphrates requires. We believe that a great and favourable revolution is about to take place in our mode of intercourse with India; we shall watch its progress, and make our readers acquainted with what we learn from time to time. The world is much in the dark on many matters of moment: we hear, that while one scientific officer offered to remove, ship, and bring to England one of Cleopatra's Needles for 12,000*l.*, another estimated the labour at more than twice the sum; and we see, by Captain Head's calculations, that while one contractor talked of furnishing coals on the Red Sea for seven pounds per ton, another offered to lay them down at Alexandria for thirty-four shillings: the expense, however, cannot be little which carries them to Suez.

We had intended to say something on Captain Head's line of defence for India against Russian invasion, but we find when he have explained the line of communication which, in some fifty and odd days, will pour the strength of England upon the Indus, we have strictly described the Spartan wall which he had in contemplation. We like his book, but we cannot help wishing that he had followed the practice of Captain Chesney, and furnished us with more specific details, and indulged in fewer conjectures. He says too much about the antique magnificence of Egypt, and less than we could wish about the mode of communication extending from Suez to Alexandria. His work, however, as a whole, has few faults and many beauties; and there can be no doubt that its appearance now will give a fresh impulse to the views of the Government and the East India Company.

*Historical Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.* By Sir Jonah Barrington. Part X. London: Bentley.

Tax progress of this work was, for a long time, suspended, and the world would have lost little if it had never been resumed. That the concluding scenes of the Irish Parliament exhibited more profligate corruption than had ever been displayed by a legislative assembly, is sufficiently notorious. The detail of the

particulars has lost its importance—and even if they possessed any, we should look for a witness in whom we could place more confidence than in the ex-Judge of the Irish Court of Admiralty. We meet Sir Jonah more gladly as a retailer of anecdotes than as a historian; but, unfortunately, he has few anecdotes to tell to enliven the dull conclusion of his Historical Memoirs.

*Indiana.* Paris: Dupuy.

*Valentine.* Ditto. Ditto.

THREE years are a long time for a Parisian reputation to preserve its vogue, whether on the stage of public life, of literature, or of fashion—nay, of the opera. Novelty is a quality indispensable to success. For these last three or four years, Balzac has borne away the palm as a novelist; but readers are now weary of his extravagance, and not so much amused with his *polissonnerie* as they were at first; and the favourite French novelist of the year 1832, was unquestionably the author of 'Indiana' and 'Valentine,'—avowedly Mr. George Sands; but, as mentioned by our Paris correspondent (see *Athenæum*, 2nd February), now known to be Madame Dudevant.

Her first work, 'Indiana,' was very popular, and as much talked of in the salons as an opera by Rossini. It is a work that would not have been tolerated, despite its talent, in England. The story was that of a young, beautiful, delicate, susceptible Creole or Indian-born lady, who is married to a rude soldier of the school of Napoleon. The latter possesses neither the temper nor the ability to understand or make allowance for the fine nerves of his wife, who is assailed by a heartless young sensualist of fashion. The lady is weak, and the gallant false and treacherous; but her happiness is saved from shipwreck by a Scotch gentleman, who has been also enamoured of her from the first, but who has hidden his affection under the mask of stupidity, until the misfortunes of Indiana call it forth for her preservation. All this appears commonplace enough, but it is by no means so in the execution. The characters, with the exception of the Scotchman, who is passing absurd, are of the present day, and of great truth. The selfish rudeness of the imperial soldier is well depicted, as well as the heartlessness of the man of fashion;—the latter being a sentiment identically the same indeed with what hundreds of romancers have depicted; but the personage is very different from theirs.

'Valentine,' now published, is not such a favourite with the French reader as 'Indiana.' The scene is laid in the province of Berri, one of the flattest and ugliest in France; but which seems, nevertheless, a paradise in the pages of Madame Dudevant. The personages consist of a rich farmer and his family, and the inhabitants of a neighbouring chateau—an old grandmother of the ancient regime, contrasted with a mother of Napoleon's court; a daughter, who is the heroine, an old diplomatist of a husband, and a romantic young rustic for a lover. The first volume is charming for its warmth, its simplicity, and its nature: being love from beginning to end, we will not attempt a specimen: it would be like taking a coal out of a furnace, for the same purpose; what is

glowing in the volume, would prove but a cinder in extract. The second volume is as detestable as the first is excellent; being said love conjugated a little too far—consisting of seduction, suicide, intrusion into bridal chambers, and an utter contempt for all the obstacles of decorum, possibility, time, or place.

What is most remarkable respecting these volumes, is not so much their merit as their vogue. In England, they would not be tolerated, not only on account of their immoral tendency and licentious descriptions, but that really two volumes of all love, and nothing but love, would be palling to English taste.

*Polish Tales.* By the Authoress of 'Hungarian Tales.' 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

MOORE, in one of his facetious moods, averred that Scott, having sung of Rokeby, was on the road to London, "Doing all the gentlemen's seats by the way:" in like manner Mrs. Gore proceeds; having put several neighbouring nations into romances and novels, she made an incursion into Hungary, and, in the work before us, she has tried her hand on Poland. She is a bold lady, for she could not but know that much light—alas! too much—has been thrown of late on the condition of that brave and unfortunate people: there is no nation under the sun, of which we have heard so much; the atrocious dismemberment of Poland has, for forty years and more, afforded ready matter for parliamentary, hustings, and dinner speeches; the cause and the wrongs of the Poles have filled bulletins and gazettes; and their patriotism and their bravery have been celebrated alike by high-souled bards and metre ballad-mongers; that

Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell, has been felt and acknowledged by all the world. We were not therefore much in the dark regarding Poland, and scarcely required the spell of romance to be thrown over her—for her latter history is romance, and that of a high heroic order. All, however, that remained to be told has been wrought with skill and effect into the three tales before us: we have here a domestic image of that gallant people; we are introduced to their firesides; we walk with them to church and to market; we mingle with them in the dance; we make love with them; plot with them; draw out schemes of independence with their sylvan leaders, and, finally, go into battle with them against the banded legions of their oppressors. It is true that success smiles not upon their struggles; the lesson is, however, a good one, and Poland will, we trust, be the last great nation which the kings of the earth shall unite to subdue and dismember.

The first tale is called the 'Confederates of Lubionki,' and relates the attempt which the Polish peasantry made during the reign of Catherine of Russia, to rescue themselves from domestic oppression, and their country from a foreign yoke. We are introduced to many characters, and are made the witness of many incidents, some comic, some tragic: there is a little love and a little mystery, and plots both above ground and below. A noble young Pole, Czelenski by name, having picked up some enlightened notions in France and England, hastened to give his peasantry the advantage of them; he had imported other matters, it seems:—



"Count Cezary, in his eagerness to naturalize in his native country all that was best and most perfect in those of other nations, had imported from Great Britain a love of freedom and fox-hunting; from Paris a French cook and valet-de-chambre; and, unluckily for the disorganized establishment of Wodarodko, such were the delegates despatched as the heralds of his arrival; preceded by a company of Hayducks as pioneers, and accompanied by an English groom and a Swiss porter!—Confusion, worse confounded, naturally ensued; more oaths were sworn and more pottery-ware and moveables crashed to pieces in the dismantled palace, within twenty-four hours of their appearance, than had chanced during the preceding four and twenty years. Monsieur Fricandean demanded half a dozen bricklayers to construct certain ovens and stoves for his culinary operations;—Monsieur Bonchamps, the Swiss, insisted that the old armour in the vestibule of entrance should be taken down and scoured, to match with the brilliancy of his new tabard;—and Jem Tomkins no less peremptorily required that the wooden flooring of the vast stables should be removed and bricks laid down in its stead.—But what were all these whims and fancies, compared with the gigantic projects of Jasmin, the youthful lord's prime vizier and valet de chambre!—

"Monsieur Jasmin (the gentleman merits a distinctive notice at our hands) was a Parisian and a genius; had wept at the pathos of Clairon, and had many an apt citation from Molière at the ends of his fingers, so adroit in the administration of the curling irons. At Warsaw, indeed, such a personage was in his element; for already the capital of proud and independent Poland rejoiced in the name of the 'little Paris,' and competed with the gorgeous effeminacy of Versailles. But in the obscure corner of the province of Mazowsze to which he was now consigned, Monsieur Jasmin, according to his own account, was even more important; for (regarding himself and the excellency his master as an animal copartite) he announced in broken Polish, interlarded with a couplet from Voltaire's Mahomet, to the mystified Podstarosci,—Namiestnik,—Wojt,—and Hayducks,—to Father Joachim the almoner, and a starveling surgeon from Wilna, who resided in the palace with a salary from Count Czelenki to minister to the sickness of the peasantry,—that 'he was come like a messenger from the Gods to bestow freedom upon a suffering people.'"

In what way Czelenki's speculations were relished by the Polish husbandmen and proprietors of small properties, will be understood by the following dialogue:—

"'Commend me to the folly of this mad-headed Count!' grumbled Pulafski, as they sat boozing together in the little eating hall of Wraniczko;—each, pipe in hand, with a tall spider-legged rummer on the table before him, on which stood a half-empty measure or two of Hungarian wine and a saucer of caraway seeds. 'Did he know but as I do, and you, friends, probably do, the extent of the evil spirit abroad in the district of Lubloyst, he would be wiser than to fling a spark of mischief upon the smoking flax.'"

"'Instead of which,' said Felinski, mildly, 'he breaks down the only barrier which has hitherto protected our lives and properties from a tribe of the most lawless and godless men in the province of Mazowsze.'"

"'Czelenki is over-fanciful and speculative in such matters,' cried Michałowski. 'Was it not his pleasure last summer to sanction at Lubloyst the settlement of a filthy company of Jews, on pretext that the unclean beasts would introduce a superior method of purifying and condensing the product of our apiaries?—And what was the result?—You, neighbour Pulafski, who freight by fifty quintals more than any man

in the province for the Dantzic markets, say—did not the Jews manage to undersell you at every turn, influencing even the average of the Exchange?—

"'And, moreover, have not the stinking generation established a distillery yonder, under Czelenki's sanction, that threatens to make the Vodka of their pernicious concoction as plentiful among our dogs of boors as the waters of the Vistula after a spring thaw?'—muttered Pulafski, whose voice was growing husky with repeated libations and much eloquence.

"'From the days of King Casimir and his Abishag, the dark-eyed Esther,' exclaimed Felinski, 'never have the Hebrew swine been blest with so munificent a patron as our young neighbour of Wodarodko!'

"'And to sit there at the head of his board, prating to us Mazurkians of the laudable customs of England and France!' exclaimed Michałowski; who, being a trifle more enlightened than his neighbours, affected the pedant. 'Had not the Romans—the conquerors of the world, (a people enlightened far beyond the dreaming of these feather-headed French or muddy-brained English) had not they their serfs and bondsmen?—Had not even the Spartans their Helots—and does not the law-spinning Empress yonder at Vienna, already repent her, think you, of the infraction of the ancient constitution of King Lewis of Hungary, whereby she has won the acclamations of her miserable Chlopstwo?—I marvel that the Crown of St. Stephen mouldered not from her brows, when she affixed the sign-manual to her precious *Urbanium*!'"

Along with the Count's imported schemes of civilization, a love of freedom made its appearance in the land, and spread from cot to cot—from serf to serf—in short, it kindled up the spirits of all the hewers of wood and drawers of water belonging to Poland Proper. An association was formed of very strange and picturesque materials:—

"There was old Ignacy the Weglarz, or charcoal-burner, a serf of one of the recently enfranchised villages; but from the necessities of his vocation, exempted from the jurisdiction of the Ekonom:—for fifty years had he been a dweller in the Puszcza; and himself and his two goodly sons seemed to have taken for their model some gnarled trunk supported by stout and verdant saplings. There was Adamy the forester, and his young brother;—there were cattle-drovers and swine-herds,—barkers and kermes-gatherers;—each wearing his patched or tattered koszula after a different fashion; some with shaven crowns, after the national fashion;—some with the shaggy untrimmed Slavonic mane, so apt to generate that filthy scourge the Plik, or Polish entanglement. One or two, after the guise of the Lithuanian peasants, wore boots of untanned skin with the far turned inwards;—one or two affected the Polish Confederatka, or cap of lozenge form: but the costume of the majority was of that nondescript kind which results from necessity—a covering of tattered canvas, purporting to shut out, as best it might, all casualties or inclemencies of weather."

In this lively and graphic way the authoress tells the history of an extensive, hasty, and, to some of her heroes and heroines, unfortunate insurrection, and then proceeds to her second tale, which takes up the Fortunes of Stanislaus, Catherine of Russia's Pageant King of Poland. There are many touching passages scattered about this singular tale. Catherine of Russia, it seems, before she became Empress, was not insensible to the personal looks and gay address of Count Stanislaus; and certain love passages took place between them, so much to

her satisfaction, that she vowed when she ascended the throne of Russia he should ascend that of Poland. She discovered, however, that he loved Axinia Dodgorucki, but dissembled her anger till she had power to show her hate: as soon as she became Empress, she made him King of the Poles, the lady whom he loved the wife of another, and sent her, with her husband, as ambassador with the imperial congratulations. Those who desire to know how Catherine domineered, how Stanislaus suffered, and how the Princess Axinia behaved when she became a widow, will find all related in a very moving and dramatic manner.

There is much pleasing fancy, innumerable pictures of living life, and knowledge of human nature, in these volumes. There is, however, now and then, a little obscurity in the narrative, a little perplexity in the plots, and more abruptness than we like in some of the transitions. The authoress, we trust, will cross the Vistula, and invade Russia: we should much like to see her delineations of the Cossacks and the other hordes, savage or civilized, that compose the Empire of the North.

#### *Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa.* By Peter Leonard.

[Second Notice.]

We had last week strung together a few scattered observations, gleaned from different parts of this work, but were obliged at the last hour to defer their appearance. We shall now present them without further comment.

*Government of Anobona.*—"They seemed to pay very little deference to the kingly authority. If one might judge from the noise and confusion, the general appearance of equality, the furious intrusion on the king's privacy, and some other mob manifestations of the excellence of liberty, there must certainly be a strong republican feeling among the subjects of His Majesty of Anobona, who, I was informed by the priest, or padre of the village, bears his blushing honours for no longer than a twelvemonth. He is elected annually; but should as many as ten vessels arrive at the island before his year of authority expires, he must resign, and another is appointed to hold the reins of government. This seems a mighty singular sort of anomaly in the forms of government, and is accounted for by the following circumstance. The only revenue which this chief, president, or king, or whatever else he may be called, receives, arises from the presents made to him by those vessels which, like ourselves, happen to touch here for refreshments, it being an invariable practice throughout the whole coast of Africa to give the chief personage a 'dash,' on arriving and taking leave; and as this is the only means the King of this island has of acquiring riches, it is wisely provided that no single individual of the community shall grow too opulent, lest he also grow supercilious, and despise his poorer countrymen; but that all may have an equal chance of profiting by what fortune may throw in their way. The presents from ten vessels are, therefore, considered by the community to be quite a large enough share of the loaves and fishes for one individual, and on the departure of the tenth he is superseded; consequently there is no zeal wanting on his part in soliciting gifts, and making the most of the present opportunity of adding to his revenue. The importunities of His Majesty King Tom were, in consequence, most troublesome, and his impudence and assurance were occasionally most diverting, as will be presently seen."

*The Niger.*—"It was mentioned by the Landers, on their recent arrival at Fernando Po, after emerging from the interior of Africa, via the river Nun, and settling the long-disputed termination of the Niger, that they were of opinion the Nun communicated with the New Calabar river, and consequently with the Bonny, by means of a cross branch sufficiently large for canoe navigation. Hearing this statement repeated, I have taken some pains to make inquiries concerning so interesting a fact, and have ascertained—certainly not by personal observation, but upon what I conceive to be undeniable evidence—that all the streams which fall into the sea, from the Rio de Formosa to the Old Calabar inclusive, are united together by cross branches, and intermediate streams, at no great distance from the sea; consequently they may all, in a certain measure, be said to be mouths of the Niger. The sources from whence I have derived the information which led to this conclusion were the following: Masters of merchant ships, who have frequently visited the river, off the mouth of which we are at present anchored; naval officers who have been there, and to some of the other rivers included, in the performance of their duty; and the most intelligent of the native Africans. From the former I learn, that canoes frequently arrive at the river Bonny from Duke Ephraim, a chief of the Old Calabar, by some inland stream, without ever seeing the ocean—that the arrival of canoes at the same place, and by a similar means, from the river Nun, and other rivers between the Bonny and Cape Formosa, is also of frequent occurrence—and the native blacks assure me, that there is a great inland trade in slaves, ivory, palm oil, and British manufactures, carried on through the medium of these streams uniting the principal rivers."

*Teneriffe.*—"As we run along shore, scarcely a spot appears that is not destitute of vegetation, unless a scanty sprinkling of stunted shrubs, of a yellowish green hue, fringing the inaccessible cliffs, is to be considered so. The island resembles an immense cinder, universally black and irregular; while the reflected glare of the meridian sun, from many parts of its rugged, glossy, lava-covered surface, contrasted with the deep shade of others, shews as if it was still red hot; and one might almost imagine, that he hears it hissing in the wild foaming surf which surrounds and lashes its base, and serves to perfect the illusion."

*Canaries.*—"A stranger is surprised to find, that the Fringilla Canaria, which, for its sweet warbling note, we have domesticated in England, is here of a grayish-green colour, instead of the light yellow with which we should naturally expect to see it clothed in its own legitimate place of abode. I am told, that, in their wild state, the Canary birds have no song, and that it is only by domestication, that they assume the beautiful straw colour, and acquire the mellow note which they possess to such perfection in England."

*Militia of the Island of Boa Vista.*—"The militia of this island have a most unmartial appearance. A short description of the town-house sentinel, placed, no doubt, as the best specimen previous to our landing, will be sufficiently characteristic of the body. He was a tall, stout black, carrying a rusty musket, having his head covered with an old straw hat; his body with a gray jacket, out at elbows, the sleeves too short for his long arms; coarse shirt of incalculably remote purification; and unmentionables of an unknown colour, and most perforated and cribriform construction; shoes and stockings *desunt*. The various hue of the rest of the military of the island, both in dress and colour of the skin, was not least grotesque."

*The Militia at St. Antonio.*—"In passing the guard-house, the black sentry, with nothing else

save a ragged shirt on, and the belt of a cartouche box buckled round his middle, presented arms to us; and the officer of the guard came out with a parrot in his hand, and asked us if we wanted to buy!"

*Method of catching Fish at Prince's Island.*—"The negroes here have a singular method of catching a fish, rather smaller than a pilchard, and somewhat resembling it, of which they are exceedingly fond. The plan is something like that used in England, with the acrid seeds of the *Cocculus Indicus*, for the capture of fish, particularly by mischievous schoolboys. They build a low wall of loose stones round a pool, just within low-water mark. This is completely covered, of course, when the sea is full, which, as it recedes, leaves numbers of the fry detained in the trap. The pool, however, being pretty large, and the fish uncommonly nimble, it is impossible to catch them with any degree of ease. The negroes then take a plant, which, in a slight degree, resembles the blue garden lupine, and the leaves and stem of which they squeeze, pressing out the juice and stirring it in the water. This has a mawkish, unpleasant smell, and produces a most extraordinary effect upon the fish, although a very small portion of the plant is made use of. They at first rush from side to side of the pool, apparently in the greatest alarm and excitement, and then suddenly become torpid, and are easily taken with the hand."

*Mortality at Fernando Po.*—"The dreadful fatality of its climate is denied in the most barefaced manner, in opposition to the strongest and most undeniable facts, by some silly individuals, whose senses are warped by the interested medium through which they view the subject. I learn that the order book of one of these very persons, who for some time did the duty of superintendent, is still to be seen here, and contains the two following orders, as nearly verbatim as I can remember, both of which are strongly corroborative of his sentiments regarding the healthful enjoyments of the inhabitants of Clarencetown, Fernando Po. He had divided his working people into gangs, which were numberd, and ordered upon different duties, in the following manner: 'Gang No. 1, to be employed digging graves as usual—Gang No. 2, making coffins till further orders!'"

*Cousin's Introduction to the History of Philosophy.* Translated by Henning Gotfried Linberg. Boston: Hilliard & Co.; London, Rich.

WHILE the literature of England is frittered away by penny Cyclopaedias, sixpenny tracts, and compilations nick-named Entertaining, the literature of America is daily receiving valuable accessions, both of original and translated works, worthy of the age and of the country. Dulness rules over the Row; the potentates of Albemarle and Burlington Streets are paralyzed; nothing of importance comes from beyond the Tweed; and we are forced to look across the Atlantic for works of permanent interest and real utility. That ruin is falling on our literature, is now but too evident; it is fast sinking to the babble of childhood, and, to aid its "diffusion," will, we suppose, be brought down to the prattle of infancy; no bookseller dares speculate in an original work, because he knows it will be pirated by some compiler who executes books "as per order"—no man of genius can bear to enter into competition with the anonymous scribblers whose demerits are shielded by the names of their titled employers. There are, however, those in the land—"who have not bowed the knee to Baal;" there are many

who share our anxiety to increase the stores of information, to *promote knowledge* as well as *diffuse* it; and by such we are encouraged, while the genius of England remains fettered, to seek fresh fields and pastures new, where *soi-disant* societies for diffusing knowledge are as yet happily unknown.

Victor Cousin enjoys, and deserves to enjoy, great continental fame; his philosophical speculations are not matters of learned curiosity and elegant entertainment—they are pre-eminently practical, and tend to promote both social and individual happiness. He has performed the same service for what are called Metaphysics, that Socrates executed for Ethics; he has brought the philosophy of mind down to our wants and our capacities; in his hands that noble science ceases to be a mere theory—it becomes a guide to the duties, the hopes, and the great destiny of man. His works realize the beautiful description of Seneca: "Non est philosophia popolare artificium nec ostentationis paratum; non in verbis sed in rebus est. Nec in hoc adhibetur ut aliqua oblectatione consumatur dies, ut dematur otio nausea. Animum format et fabricat, vitam disponit, actiones regit, agenda et omittenda demonstrat, sedet ad gubernaculum, et per ancipitia fluctuantium dirigit cursum." There was a time when we should have been surprised, and perhaps envious, that America should have the fame of first introducing Victor Cousin to the English people; but we have fallen on evil days, and must perforce take patience.

The object of the course of lectures translated by Mr. Linberg, is to prove, that the History of Philosophy is, in a great degree, identified with the Philosophy of History. He shows, that the various systems of philosophy which have in different ages acquired dominion over great masses of mankind, are not to be regarded as the arbitrary productions of individual minds. A man of acknowledged genius is an impersonation of the general spirit of thought and action, which, at a particular epoch, pervaded great bodies of men. His merits consist in having presented to the minds of his brethren definite and luminous ideas of that general spirit; he creates representatives of these ideas, which are recognized and welcomed by the affections of the men to whom they are addressed—in the words of Lord Bacon, "he accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind." The productions of true genius are consequently recognized almost by instinct; not because they bring us information from without, but because they enable us to see and use the information that lies within; they rarely surprise, because they do not come to us as strangers, but are verily part and parcel of our existence, "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh;"

For wit is reason to advantage dress'd,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

From these principles, it follows, that the History of Philosophy is not merely a subsidiary part of General History, but is absolutely the true guide to all historical knowledge worthy of the name: for what is History, but a systematic account of the successive development of all the elements that constitute humanity? In order, therefore, to study it aright, we must become acquainted with those elements, and learn the natural order in which they appear.

Every individual mind is a type and representative of general humanity; for the elements which constitute humanity in one, are the same that constitute humanity in a body of men; the difference is in quantity, not in kind. By examining then the unfolding of these elements as they present themselves to our own consciousness, we are enabled to discover the principles by which we must examine the gradual development of humanity, or, what is the same thing, the progress of civilization.

The first affections of the mind are those which result from our own individuality; they are arbitrary, capricious, and superficial; the ideas attached to them are also, for the most part, vague and indefinite; sometimes even fantastic. Next to these, are the affections resulting from domestic life and the ties of kindred and friendship: the third step produces the affections of patriotism widening into universal philanthropy: finally, we ascend to absolute causality, to the very end and object of our existence—to God himself; and these are the inmost affections of human life. Experience shows that this is the order in which affections are revealed to our consciousness; and experience also shows, that these successive developments are also the test by which we can best ascertain the progress of civilization. The savages of Australia, the lowest of all beings in the scale of humanity, have no affections but those of selfishness; ascending from them, we find the domestic virtues beginning to appear; as we advance higher, we perceive the circle of affection becoming wider, until, at the top of the scale, its boundary is lost in the infinite and the eternal.

The origin of philosophy must be sought in the East; it is only of late years that we have become acquainted with the philosophic treasures of Indian literature; and we discover in them truths so profound, and standing in such strong contrast with the mean results which have in modern times satisfied European genius, that we are tempted almost to regard the East as the true home of philosophy. No person in the learned world has yielded to the admiration of Indian philosophy so totally, as Professor A. W. Schlegel; extravagant eulogy of the Brahminical speculations fills the greater part of his petulant attack on the Oriental Translation Fund. He is, however, radically wrong; for as Cousin well remarks, "Truth is one thing, and philosophy another." Truth belongs equally to every age and every individual; but the explication of that truth, its development into knowledge, belongs only to philosophy. The knowledge of the East strikes us at the first view with admiration, from the very circumstance that constitutes its chief imperfection—we mean, its unity, and consequently its envelopment. Oriental philosophy is, generally speaking, but the reflected light of religion. "The idea of religion is, as it were, the central idea of the East; art, the state, industry, everything formed itself around religion, for religion, and by religion." And hence arises that character of immobility and despotism, which marks everything oriental.

Development, and consequently progression, is the character of the Greek philosophy; its duration was more brief, but its vitality more intense, than those of its Asiatic parent; for such must necessarily be the characteristics of an epoch of movement. An-

other age of envelopment succeeded; and necessarily so, because a dominant element destined to form the basis of a new system of civilization, gathered around it and in it all the principles of humanity. That element was Christianity; it is Christianity that has civilized the modern world, but ten centuries were needed to give our civilization a firm and secure foundation. The spirit of philosophy again appeared as a principle of development and movement, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Descartes was the first who felt its impulse; he was the Socrates of modern times, the introducer of a philosophic spirit which has led to the production of a thousand systems, and will probably produce as many more; though he seems to have had no ambition that any should be called after his name. We shall not attempt to trace the progress of philosophy farther, but shall quote our author's account of its present state and future prospects:—

"Philosophy, in the great body of the people, exists under the primitive, profoundly impressive and venerable form of religion and of worship. CHRISTIANITY IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PEOPLE. He who now addresses you, sprang from the people and from Christianity; and I trust you will always recognize this, in my profound and tender respect for all that is of the people and of Christianity. Philosophy is patient: she knows what was the course of events in former generations, and she is full of confidence in the future; happy in seeing the great bulk of mankind in the arms of Christianity, she offers, with modest kindness, her hand to Christianity to assist her in ascending to a yet loftier elevation."

The translator has executed his task with great ability and fidelity: he manifestly possesses a kindred spirit with Cousin; and he has enriched the work with some original notes equally useful and profound.

*The Emigrant's Tale; a Poem, in two Parts, with Miscellaneous Poems.* By James Bird. London: Baldwin & Cradock.

THE chief poem in this little volume is well imagined and well written. It is a domestic story, showing the influence of war upon the industry of an English husbandman, and how he was obliged to seek, in Canada, for the food, and clothing, and happy home, which his native land denied him. The lovely spot from which want and oppression drove him, is well described—nay, painted, for it is a picture:—

Even now my rapt, my ardent fancy sees  
Our neat white homestead glittering through the trees;  
The blooming garden, with the green-leaved vine,  
The honey-suckle, and the jessamine,  
That crept with pure and fragrant blossoms o'er  
The whitened wall, and round our gothic door,  
The distant River's clear, expanding tide,  
The wooded hills that rose on either side,  
As though to guard the Orwell on its way,  
Lest the sweet stream should from their shelter stray!  
The ruined church o'er which the ivy creeps,  
The dotted knolls where many a good man sleeps,  
The sunny pasture where our cattle fed,  
The winding path that to the Village led,  
Where oft at morn with lingering steps I trod  
To school, in spite of Stedman, and the rod!

After many vicissitudes of fortune, the rustic hero of the story finds a resting-place—not in the grave—but in a Canadian location, where amid magnificent forests and lakes he constructs a house, clears land, and strikes root, with the hope of leaving many sons and daughters behind him, to grow perhaps great in dignity as well as in substance. The following "owre true" passage concludes the poem:—

I mark the thousands that with hearts and hands  
Seek here the good denied on other lands—  
I mark the progress of a manly race,  
That scorned the dangers of a change of place,  
Who sought these solitudes, nor sought in vain  
For peace and plenty in a rich domain,  
Where no poor Starveling asks the parish-bread,  
No meager Pauper of the state is fed,  
Whose soil, uncumbered with high rate or tax,  
Needs little else beside the conquering axe  
To fell the forest, and let Heaven's warm beams  
Kiss Earth's fair bosom, and she thenceforth teems  
With wealth exuberant! My ardent mind  
Oit on the future dwells, and there can find  
Dreams of a greatness yet to come, when here  
A mighty Empire, glorious in its sphere,  
And lofty-minded Men, and deeds that give  
To life a charm for which 'twere well to live—  
These, more than these, enrolled by endless fame  
Shall raise to glory the Canadian name;  
And Time, as onward rolls his tide, shall bring  
The priceless waters from Truth's living spring,  
These in a wide continuous stream shall roll,  
Refresh and fertilize the human soul,  
Which here in brighter ages yet to rise,  
Shall yield the fruit that ripens for the skies,  
And gladdening knowledge from a boundless store  
Shall flow, and spread, till Time shall be no more!

Some of the smaller poems are of considerable beauty. There is more gentleness than energy in the volume: truth of delineation abounds, and the writer copies from nature.

*The Last Essays of Elia; being a Sequel to Essays published under that name.*

[Third Notice.]

As we have no work of importance pressing on us, we shall transplant into our pages another of the Popular Fallacies:—

*That we should rise with the Lark.*

"At what precise minute that little airy musician drolls his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour, at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest, requires another half hour's good consideration. Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer time! especially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persian. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis called), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headachs: Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption, in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveller. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually in strange qualms, before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale; we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape, and mould them. Some people have no good



of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to drag into day-light a struggling and half-vanishing night-mare; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so careless, as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up? we have neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPERANNUATED. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already, how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?"

We have reaped and harvested from this delightful little volume, and only regret we may not again enter the field with the gleaners.

*Chansons Nouvelles et Dernières de P. J. de Béranger.* Paris: Penot; London, Treuttel & Co. 1833.

We have just received this new volume. It is dedicated to Lucien Bonaparte, who, when the poet was young, poor, and friendless, wrote encouragingly to him, and bestowed on him substantial proofs of his kind good feeling; such a dedication does equal honour to both parties. 'Mes Jours Gras de 1829,' and 'The Last of Kings,' which appeared in this paper on the 9th and 23rd of last month, were translated from this volume, as announced.

*The Library of Romance.* Vol. III. 'Waltham.' London: Smith, Elder & Co. Is this volume be not altogether to our taste, it is not the less likely to please the novel reader.

ing public; there are incidents enough in it to fill any ordinary or extraordinary three volumes, and these, with the ravellings and unravellings of a plot, are the moving influences that affect the million. There is, however, one character that will redeem the work, even with those who, like ourselves, care little for the interest of a story—Macara, the Scotchman, is a capital fellow, with a great deal of genuine unsophisticated nature.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Renegade; and other Poems*, by the Rev. B. T. H. Cole.'—The 'Renegade' is a Persian story of love and war: the scene is laid in the palace of Isfahan and the hills of Irak; and the date of the narrative is 1729—just beyond the memory of the oldest man living, and therefore fit for fiction. We have had many stories of an eastern complexion, some in prose, but many in verse, since Byron sung of his Corsairs and Renegades: they were all, we need scarcely say, far below the strains of his Lordship; nor will the present attempt, we fear, be considered more successful. There is a hurry of verse, and a warmth of expression, in many parts; but there is an overflow of words and an indistinctness of action which we cannot commend. We see the whole before us like figures shadowed on a disturbed stream. The author will find nothing of this in the poetic romances of Scott—all is plainly told and distinctly exhibited. If he would take an English story and employ his muse in hanging the garlands of her fancy around, we think he might have better success than in this inroad on Persia. The poem opens with these pleasing verses:—

The winds are hush'd on Rustan's steep,  
And leaf, and herb, and flow'ret sleep;  
On high, the jewelry of light  
Are glistering on the brow of Night,  
All deeply and with restless glow  
Reflected in the lake below.  
Can mortal beauty, grace, or power  
Add influence to this tranquil hour,  
Illumed by fires which burn sublime,  
Whose glory mocks the waste of Time,  
Each fix'd, Eternity's pure gem,  
In Night's resplendent diadem?  
Yet not to Man untamed and wild,  
Creation's heir, but Passion's child,  
Can e'en this scene of bliss and rest,  
Hope's nurse in Meditation's breast,  
Its loveliness of peace impart  
To calm the fever of the heart,  
The bursting pulse which Bigot Zeal,  
Love, Hate, Revenge, Ambition feel.  
Skies, rich of tint, whose deepest blue  
Our Northern summers never knew,  
O'er circle many a race and name,  
Whose law is lust, whose brain is flame,  
And things of living light appear  
To smile on deeds we weep to hear.

The smaller poems are not without merit.

'*Pictures of Private Life*, by Sarah Stickney.'—A very pleasant volume, and such as a young and sensible Quaker might be expected to write—excellent in all that is drawn from feeling, but a little mistaken in all that is drawn from life. The writer will hereafter be convinced that those who have more admiration than herself of furbelows and finery, are still not so mad upon the subject as she must have imagined, when she wrote the scene about the Countess's turban in 'The Curate's Widow.' Experience will correct this; and there is much in the work which gives us good hopes of the writer's success hereafter.

'*Poems and Poetical Fragments*.'—We are not sure that "a drop of dew" has either the high descent—the gentle nursing—or all the sweet companionship ascribed to it by this bard of Cambridge; but, as we never saw so many fine things said on the subject before, we cannot resist quoting the whole poem.

#### To a Drop of Dew.

Sun-begotten, ocean-born,  
Sparkling in the summer morn  
Underneath me, as I pass  
O'er the hill-top, on the grass,  
All among thy fellow drops  
On the speary herbage tops  
Round and bright and warm and still,  
Over all the Northern hill;  
Who may be so blest as thou  
Of the sons of men that be?  
Evermore thou dost behold  
All the sunset bathed in gold,  
Then thou listenest all night long  
To the leaves' faint undersong  
From two tall dark elms, that rise  
Up against the silent skies:  
Evermore thou drink'st the stream  
Of the chaste moon's purest beam;  
Evermore thou dost espy  
Every star that twinkles by;  
Till thou hearest the cock crow  
From the barton far below;  
Till thou seest the dawn-streak  
From the Eastern night-clouds break;  
Till the mighty king of light  
Lifts his unsold visage bright,  
And his speckled flocks has driven  
To batten in the fields of heaven;  
Then thou lightest up thy breast  
With the lamp thou lovest best;  
Many rays of one thou makest,  
Giving three for one thou takest:  
Love and constancy's best blue,  
Sunny warmth of golden hue,  
Glowing red, to speak thereby,  
Thine affection's ardency:—  
Thus rejoicing in his sight,  
Made a creature of his light,  
Thou art all content to be  
Lost in his immensity;  
And the best that can be said  
When they ask why thou art fled,  
Is that thou art gone to share  
With him the empire of the air.

There are easy and natural verses in this volume, and the writer draws his inspiration from high feelings, and has trained and disciplined his mind in a good school.

'*The Zoological Magazine*.'—Zoology must be making rapid strides among us, if we may judge by the number of works that now issue from the press on the various branches of this extensive science. The *Zoological Magazine* is one of the best among the cheap publications of the present day, and is well calculated to lead the young student in Natural History to a due estimation of the higher branches of his subject. No study, he may be assured, is repaid by a more abundant store of rational and innocent entertainment, or opens a wider scope for serious reflection on the wisdom and power of a beneficent Creator. Some of the articles in these numbers are new and valuable, and others selected with judgment. The descriptions, given at considerable length, include the most interesting portions of the Natural History of the different animals, and the various engravings are characteristic of the species. The remarks on the young cuckoo are interesting. It is a singular feature in the history of this bird, as well as in that of the cow-pen bird, of America, so delightfully described by Wilson, which also deposits its egg in the nests of other birds, that the young of both, when in confinement, have the address to induce any other bird they happen to be imprisoned with to become their foster-parent, when they are either unable or unwilling to feed themselves.

'*Entomological Magazine*.'—Considering the vast field for observation Entomology offers, and that the subject is cultivated in this country to a much greater extent than that of any other class in Natural History, it is matter of surprise that no magazine, exclusively devoted to Entomology, should have appeared hitherto. Our libraries and societies are so inadequately supplied with scientific continental works, that the editor and his contributing friends can scarcely perform more valuable service than by furnishing abstracts or abridgments of the many interesting papers which our European neighbours are continually putting forth. The tone in which some of our periodical works on Entomology

mology are commented upon, appears a little too much tinged with severity.

*An Introduction to the Study of English Botany.* Illustrated by thirty-seven plates, by George Banks.—"The object of the author is "to explain what is called the Linnæan arrangement (of Botany), and to enable the student to attach to every term its appropriate idea." Thirty years ago this would have been more useful than at the present day, when the science is so changed, that the matters to which Mr. Banks's book refers are becoming obsolete. The author has executed his task with ability, and we only regret that he should not have taken some subject less threadbare and more important.

The small edition of *'English Botany'* has reached its thirteenth number; and we find the favourable opinion expressed in this journal when the work was first noticed, fully justified by the manner in which it has been hitherto conducted. We very much prefer the new and cheap edition to the original costly one.

*'Baxter's British Flowering Plants'* has arrived at its eighth number. Its execution is improving; and, to the student of Botany, who wants to master the genera of British plants at very small expense, it continues to be the best work that can be recommended.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE WIND IN THE WOODS.

'Tis a pleasant sight, on a vernal day,

When shadow and sun divide the heaven,

To watch the south wind wake up for play;—

Not on the sea, where ships are riven,—

Not on the mountain, mid rain and storm,

But when earth is sunny, and green, and warm.

O woodland wind, how I love to see

Thy beautiful strength in the forest tree.

Lord of the oak, that seems lord of the wild,

Thou art shaking his crown and thousand arms

With the ease of a spirit, the glee of a child,

And the pride of a woman who knows her charms;—

And the poplar bends like a merchant's mast,

His leaves, though they fall not, are fluttering

fast;

And the beech, and the lime, and the ash-

crowned hill,

Stirs its core at thy wandering will.

The pines that uprear themselves dark and tall,

Black knights of the forest so stately and old,

They must bow their heads when they hear thy

call,

Aye, bow like the lily, those Norsemen bold:

And every tree of the field or the bower,

Or single in strength, or many in power,

Quiver and thrill from the leaf to the stem,

For the unseen wind is the master of them!

It is gallant play; for the sun is bright,

And the rivulet sings a merrier song;

The corn in the meadow waves dark and light

As the trees fling shade, or the breeze is

strong.

And over the hills, whether rocky or green,

Troops of the noon-day ghosts are seen;

The lovely shadows of lovelier clouds,

With the gleam of the mountains amongst their

crowds.

The birds as they fly scarce use their wings,

They are borne upon those of the wind to-day;

And their plumes are ruffled, like all green things,

And flowers, and streams, by his noisy play.

One hour—and valley, and wood, and hill,

May be sleeping and shining all bright and still;

Not a wave, not a leaf, not a spray in motion,

Of all which now looks like a vernal ocean;—

Beautiful that;—yet I love to see

Thy strength, O wind, in the forest tree!

#### A DIALOGUE

*On the Present State of our Manufacturing Population; and on the General Spirit of the Age.*

**Lucius.** Would to God! Paulus, we had amongst us some of that quiet contentment—that satisfied plenty which we deem were possessed by those past ages, which you seem so much to despise. There is not so mighty a contrast between the face of England in the days of King Canute and what it is at present, as between the spirit of a century ago and what now prevails. I have no desire to go back to those days—I am quite satisfied with the good, the refined and expanded views in which we partake; but the mischief, my Paulus, is, that our good is mixed with such tremendous evil! We seem to have reached that point in the progress of nations, in which prosperity itself ceases to be a good; in which that very activity that has borne on the national car to greatness, becomes pregnant with danger. We live now in a perpetual hurry: our life-blood is full of excitement: the wheels of the social system have acquired a rapidity so fearful, they threaten to take fire. The features of society now exhibit awful contrasts,—everything is driven to excess. Excess! that is the grand disease of the age! On the one hand are excessive wealth and luxury; on the other, poverty, and the vices of poverty. Your Paginins make enormous sums in the space of one season; your artizans, the most indefatigable race in existence, starve by thousands and tens of thousands, on the labours of sixteen hours a day. These in ancient history would be marked as the symptoms of a nation's decline; but we trust, and I hope safely, in preservative causes that were unknown to ancient states;—in the power of christianity, in the general knowledge of the people, and in the wondrous energies of the press.

**Paulus.** Yes, my friend, we do trust in these things; and besides, let me say you are confounding matters a little. Our distress arises from causes which a free people will soon annihilate. We are pressed by the evil which a government grown gradually corrupt, and a mighty war have laid upon us. These, such a nation will find means to remove; and then, with our immense mechanic powers, backed by those of a people capable of all labour and perseverance, what have we to fear?

**Lucius.** The excited spirit of the age! Suppose for a moment, that the debt were reduced to within reasonable bounds; suppose our parliament restored to purity; suppose our trade free as the winds that impel our vessels to every region of the world—is there still no cause of alarm? Place us in whatever position you will, can you allay the restless, impatient, never-pausing spirit that has seized us? Look at the artificial immensity of our social fabric; at the wonderful powers of our machinery, every day developing themselves with new and astonishing features; at our manufacturing system, so vast in its compass and so rapid in its movements; at our population, already increased to a degree that puzzles the wisest heads to conceive how it is to be maintained, and still increasing at an astonishing rate, and all this backed by the favourite doctrines of Political Economy;—and then say whether it does not require almost more than human wisdom to conduct the political car in smoothness: that smoothness, once disturbed, plunges in a moment millions into distress. Go through the streets of any of our manufacturing towns, particularly

† We think it well to observe, that this paper was written and in our hands before the publication of the Evidence on the Factory Bill. We ought, perhaps, to blush on making the confession, but, in view, at this, the height of the publishing season, with all the Societies holding their meetings, and the Theatres, Opera, and Exhibitions open, it is next to impossible to find room for original papers, whatever may be their merit.

in an evening: they are literally swarming with children, thick as the gnats above their heads. Look around you,—everywhere houses are rising by thousands and tens of thousands for the working class. You will naturally imagine that it must be well with a class that so rapidly increases, for whom so many dwellings are erecting—but you may learn from the first person you meet, that the whole race of operatives spend their lives in interminable labour—there is no lack of labour—for a half existence. Labour and poverty are the sure fruits of the manufacturing system to the artizan; the gigantic monster wraps all within its iron arms; men, women, children, are all dragged into its Tophet of endless torment. Yes, the very child of five and six years old works its sixteen hours a day—hours that nature meant to be spent in the freedom and joyous strength-giving sports of the open air amid its playmates—works in the stifling din of a factory. We see these things every day. You know my little girl—the daughter of her nurse, of the very same age, is at this moment such a little victim of our manufacturing Mammon.

What do these things indicate, but a diseased excitement of the national system; the unequal accumulation of capital; the consequences of a monopolizing spirit, driven to a desperate excess, that has converted the bulk of our population into the instruments of partial aggrandizement; and has forced, and continues to force population by many inordinate means to a numerical amount that cannot be contemplated without the most serious feelings? And yet you go on preaching the unlimited use of machinery, and the praiseworthiness of the accumulation of capital, as though in these things lay our salvation.

**Paulus.** And does it not? Would you fetter our machinery? Would you discourage the growth of capital? Where without these should we have now been?

**Lucius.** The questions have been often triumphantly asked—without reflecting that they go from one extreme to another. Is it necessary, because machinery is perhaps rashly and unfeelingly used, that it should be destroyed altogether?—and that because we cannot cry,—the accumulation of capital is the virtue of virtues—that we should, like St. Francis, preach poverty and bare feet? I am not sure, however, that it would be very difficult to prove that we should not have been quite as happy with less wealth and less machinery: I am sure we should have been more happy with a more moderate use of the one, and desire of the other. If you raise the devil, it is said, take care that you find him something to do, or he will carry the house end away. Machinery is a demon that acts pretty much the same. It will go on spinning, and thumping, and tearing away: and if it has not full and legitimate employment, it will still go on, though thousands stand by in starving idleness; or though, what is worse, and more common, it reduces the price of labour below the remunerating scale. After all that has been said, it is difficult to convince men that there should be no restraint on machinery, with these things within their view. But one might be better satisfied if the evil were felt only in times of general depression; but when commerce is most active, and carries abroad our manufactures with the greatest possible diligence, is the case altered materially for the working man? Is he paid a living price for his labour? Never. For the last twenty years, in all the manufactories with which I am acquainted, the price of labour has been declining. We might make perhaps a temporary exception or two, as in the case of the expiration of the patent for the making of Nottingham lace; but, the price of labour, suddenly high in the extreme, was as suddenly reduced by that astonishing competition which is one of the most marked features of modern English society; but, as a general statement, it



is only too well known that the value of labour has not been equal to the poor man's narrow scale of existence. Many have been the efforts of the operatives to check this declension, but in vain; the laws forbid their combination to resist the reduction of their wages; and the laws of Political Economy have made it praiseworthy in the masters to bear them down. Its favourite dogmas have been for ever repeated—"capital must not be fettered; commerce must not be fettered; the capitalist is a benefactor of his species; his actions must be pure; trade must be left to its own laws, the laws of mutual interest."

But capital, according to your favourite creed, is power. The capitalist has felt it, and he will employ it. The operatives, you say, have their remedy; they can cease their labours for a period; the capitalist cannot exist without their labour; he must soon come to terms. Yes! but capital is still power. He that has it in his hands can wait;—the poor man cannot; he has often tried the experiment of a turn-out, and what has been the invariable consequence? He has soon been compelled to return to his labour, and his "last state has been seven times worse than the first."

*Paulus.* There must always be some evil in the best of society. We cannot set bounds to selfishness, without checking at the same time the beneficial exertions of enterprise and industry. Touch the freedom of capital, and you introduce evils of a hundredfold magnitude to those you complain of. And besides, we ought never to forget that our manufactories, to compete with foreign rivals who are not oppressed with the same weight of taxation, are compelled to the low scale of prices you condemn.

*Lucius.* I should think more of this last argument, the grand stronghold of our manufacturing capitalists, had the consequences of this foreign competition been more apparent on themselves; but, while they have been steadily increasing their wealth, their workmen have been half fed and half clothed, and have, moreover, been cast with a fearful weight upon the parish funds. If then, the use of capital and the manufacturing spirit are to be unrestrained by human laws, let them, in God's name, be influenced by divine ones. And it is of this I complain,—Political Economy is now taught as Metaphysics were some years ago. The faculties then were everything—the affections and impulses nothing; and the consequences of such a purblind system were soon felt. Political Economy is now a system of pounds, shillings, and pence. Two and two make four; four and four make eight;—thus it is that capital grows, and he that doubles it is a benefactor. If ever the healthiness of the national spirit is to be restored, we must have other laws also taught by this science—the laws of "duty, love, and honour." You must no longer preach that a man may do what he likes with his capital—that he may make the most of his money—that he must go to the cheapest market, and make the best bargain he can; there must be a bound to these things,—and that bound is conscience;—a law, and that law is, "do as you would be done by." Capital, I admit with you, is power; and power is the most dangerous of weapons, in the very best hands; what then in the hands of greedy men, to whom you say—"Use your weapon to the very best of your ability; it is your own; wield it to your own satisfaction, though you cut off the heads of your neighbours?" Your law, when it comes to be looked into, is but the law of force,—force in its most awful shape,—that which can crush, and starve, and exhaust with endless labour under the honourable name of fair competition.

*Paulus.* What then would you do?

*Lucius.* I would have it proclaimed every where, by the laws of this great science, that he

alone is a real benefactor who employs as many as he can, and pays them as well as he can. I would have the tide of public opinion turned against the extortioner; and he is, in my view, the worst of extortioners, who robs a poor man of the fair price of his labour. No man, of course, is expected to ruin himself in order that workmen may live; but let every man, who rests so fondly on this plea, ask his conscience whether he refuses to accumulate capital till the moment that his workmen are receiving a living remuneration for their labour; for, spite of all the sophistry of trade, whoever makes a fortune, while his operatives are not getting a bare subsistence by their labour, is, in plain language, a thief and a robber. Yet we see this done every day; and the doers of such deeds are held "honourable men—all honourable men!" And to such a pitch has this spirit been carried by these pernicious dogmas, that everywhere extortion is practised as wisdom and virtue! The landlord extorts the utmost shilling from his farmers; the farmers again screw down the labourers; and hence the misery and the outrages of this once happy class of rural people.

In towns, the capitalist, who is a tradesman, has got hold of the same dogma: it is his wisdom that the largest possible trade must be commanded by the smallest possible profits; and by the influence and advantage of his large capital, he can command a profit where the lesser capitalist can command none. He never stops to reflect, that on this system every man cannot enlarge his trade—every man cannot at once multiply his customers: there must be a deficiency somewhere, and the man of small capital must fail.

Thus everything tends, by these blessed principles, to leave but two classes in the country—the large capitalist and the operative,—a system whose consequences need not be pointed out—they will soon show themselves in all their horrors. Stimulated by these modern maxims of science, all are struggling, and all are unhappy: even they who find themselves involved in an immense trade, have won it by such sacrifices of profit, to outvie and beat down their neighbours,—the good old saw of "live and let live," having been universally voted nonsense,—that they are only worse for their trouble, and wonder what ails them. In agriculture, in trade, in literature, competition—this fair competition, in this godly spirit of modern science—shows itself with a wondrous aspect. Whatever succeeds for a moment, is in the next moment oppressed, torn to pieces, and devoured by a troop of eager competitors, who start forth like harpies, and leave behind them only stench and desolation. Meanwhile, our population, forced, on one hand, into existence by our trading mania—are on the other, driven to emigration, at the rate of 60,000 a year. I wish you, and every political economist, would take the trouble to read a little poetry—it should be a very little—just those two excellent things of Goldsmith's—*The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*. You might there learn that a country may "bloom, a garden and a grave." You might see, that in consequence of such causes—

Here by the laws of nature feebly held,  
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;  
Fervent ambition struggles round our shore;  
Till overwrought, the general system feels  
Its motions stop, or frenzied fire the wheels.  
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,  
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,  
Fictitious bonds—the bonds of wealth and law—  
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;  
Till time may come, when, strip of all her charms,  
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,  
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,  
One sink of level avarice may lie,  
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

At this hour are many of the scenes he pre-

dicts ripening to existence. If you go into the country, you find a starving and discontented peasantry: you see the waggon drawn up to carry a troop of emigrants away to the next port: you see the children seated weeping upon it, amid piled-up boxes and bedding; the women taking leave of the assembled village, with their aprons before their faces, and with heart-breaking sobs. If you go into towns, you find misery in thousands of dire cells, that have not even the consolations of air and green fields. If you visit the sea-port, the vessel is going out crowded with a squalid company, taking a last look of their native land, ere they set their faces for ever towards some transmarine wilderness.

*Paulus.* Perhaps this will be the case in the happiest times: perhaps it is thus Providence is carrying on his own designs; and, for my part, when I consider the wonderful increase of population in Europe, and especially in Britain, nothing is more strikingly clear to my mind, than that it is thus that God causes life to overflow in the chief seat of civilization and Christianity, that it may pour itself over the yet unpeopled wilds of other continents, carrying with it all the humanizing principles of religion, and the arts of elevated existence.

*Lucius.* Ay, there may be something in that. There is something grand in that view of the subject; but, for heaven's sake, let us not make the designs of Providence a plea for our own cupidity. The maxims of political science are already too hard upon the poor, too favourable to the keen spirit of grasping avarice. It is time to return to better doctrines—to advocate the law of conscience, as well as that of the growth of capital—to arm public opinion with contempt and execration against the grinding monopolist—to preach up the national benefits of kindness, moderation, and sympathy with the toiling multitude. It should never be forgotten, that in whatever straits the capitalist may find himself, his table is still spread—his couch is still soft—his family is in plenty and security around him; but when the poor man's labour,—which is his only wealth, his only resource,—is unproductive, the very necessities of life cease to appear on his board; and in his ears are the most touching of human stimulants—the cries of his children for their daily bread!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

#### KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH.

AND it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, and in wood and in ivory and in stone—yea, all who had aided in rearing the temple of the Lord; and he said unto them, "Sit ye down at my table: I have prepared a feast for all my chief workers and cunning artificers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat and drink and be merry. Is not the labourer worthy of his hire—is not the skilful artificer deserving of honour? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land and the wine and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber. Then Solomon the King was wroth, and said, "Who and what manner of man art thou?" And the man answered and said, "When men wish to honour me, they call me Son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me Blacksmith: and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and

smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt, and, in truth, thy servant desires no better."—"But," said Solomon, "why come ye thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief of the workmen of the Temple are invited?"—"Please ye, my Lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servants obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were invited to dine with the King of Israel?" Then he who carved the cherubim, said "This fellow is no sculptor." And he who inlaid the roof with pure gold, said, "Neither is he a worker in fine metals." And he who raised the walls, said, "He is not a cutter of stone." And he who made the roof, cried out, "He is not cunning in cedar-wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of uniting pieces of strange timber together." Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?" And when the Son of the Forge heard this, he was in no sort dismayed, but, advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said, "O King, live for ever! The chief men of the workers in wood and gold and stone have said that I am not of them, and they have said truly. I am their superior; before they lived was I created. I am their master, and they are all my servants." And he turned him round, and said to the chief of the carvers in stone, "Who made the tools with which you carve?" And he said, "The blacksmith." And he said to the chief of the masons, "Who made the chisels with which the stones of the Temple were squared?" And he said, "The blacksmith." And he said to the chief of the workers in wood, "Who made the tools with which you hewed the trees on Lebanon, and formed them into the pillars and roof of the Temple?" And he answered, "The blacksmith." Then said he to the artificer in gold and in ivory, "Who makes your instruments, by which you work beautiful things for my lord the King?" And he said, "The blacksmith."—"Enough, enough, good fellow," said Solomon: "thou hast proved that I invited thee, and that thou art all men's father in art. Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chiefs of my workmen are but men; thou art more." So it happened at the feast of Solomon, and blacksmiths have been honoured ever since.

## PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 2.

I was about to send you an account of 'Lucrece Borgia,' the new heroine of Victor Hugo's choice, and of a tragedy in prose, which he composed in seven days, in order to fill up the vacuum left in his purse and fame by the prohibition of his 'Roi s'amuse.' A week's headache having suspended my purpose, lo! at its close, Victor Hugo and his tragedy are both forgotten—both gone down the stream of time, while other novelties have taken their place.

The French Opera, you are aware, is obliged to bring out something magnificent each Carnival, just as your English theatres must have their pantomimes at Christmas; and the present manager has a peculiar talent for surprising and enchanting the public. M. Veron is a man of genius in the character of manager, and the government certainly showed infinite discern-

ment in advancing him from the place of editor of the 'Revue de Paris,' for which he was nothing fit, to that of head of the Opera. His present production—his, truly, as the author of scene and decoration and stage effect, whilst Scribe has only written the words, and Auber merely the music—is 'Gustavus; or, the Masked Ball.' Auber's music is far inferior to that with which he adorned the 'Muet de Portici,' ('Massaniello' you call it,) or even 'Fra Diavolo.' The best airs are those which are danced to. I am assured the race of borrowers will be able to make little use of 'Gustave,' notwithstanding the celebrity of author and composer.

You will be pleased to hear that the government, on the recommendation of the King, has just conferred pensions of 6,000 francs on the widow of Cuvier, and of 3,000 on the widows of Champollion the younger, Rémusat, and De Chezy. Such tributes of respect to unwearied scientific labours, and to profound learning, do honour to France. I believe, pensions in England are conferred for other services. I wish a member in your reformed House would move for a return of all pensions granted to the destitute families of men of learning and science—the papers might be printed without much cost.

We have had a Penny Magazine started here, but the government instantly interfered, and insisted on its being stamped.

But the Duchess of Berri has drowned every topic. Her disclosure proved a terrible blow to Chateaubriand, whose trial came on the day that the news arrived, and whose prepared speech was lost. Berrier was so jeered, that he was obliged to leave the court. It has been the fashion of late for Carlist ladies to wear powder. Some even went to court therewith. It was a kind of mourning for the Duchess. But now the powdered curls and wigs have disappeared from the periquiers' shops, as well as from the brows of fashionable dames. The prints of the Castle of Blaise, and the novels about La Vendée, are alike withdrawn; and the Carlists here have turned to seek another heroine in Bohemia.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE statue of the Duke of York, for the summit of the granite column in Pall Mall, is, we hear, to be eighteen feet high instead of twelve, as was originally intended. It is little matter what is placed so far above the eye—all that is required is, to look like a man and be large enough. The monument to Bishop Middleton, of Calcutta, by Lough, is now erected in St. Paul's. The figure of the Bishop is above the size of life: he is standing, confirming or blessing two children, a boy and a girl: the chief fault of the performance lies in its inelegant grouping, and an air of heaviness in the execution: one of the lesser faults belongs to the pedestal; it is so large, that it seems to devour the group: the cornice is heavy enough for the summit of St. Paul's. There is, however, nature and dignity about the work, though we cannot look upon it as worthy of the genius which the admirers of the artist have perceived in his other labours.

Mr. Murray, we are told, has a new edition of Crabbe's Works in contemplation, to be executed in a style corresponding with the works of Byron: a Life of the distinguished poet has been written, we hear, by his son; we hope that his manuscript poetry will be incorporated, so that we may have the whole of a writer, who is now a classic. We observe, too, that a translation from Quintana's

celebrated work, 'The Lives of Celebrated Spaniards,' comprising the Cid Campeador—Roger de Lauria—Guzman the Good—the Prince of Viana—and the Great Captain, is about to appear. And we hear, that a Glasgow bookseller has undertaken to complete the *Al-trive Tales of the Ettrick Shepherd*, so inauspiciously commenced in London: this, we are glad of; but, if the northern bibliopole has promised a sale of twenty thousand copies, as is reported, we must call him a bold man, and suppose him an influential one.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 14.—The Rev. William Buckland, D.D., Vice President, in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled 'On the Figures obtained by strewing sand on vibrating surfaces, commonly called Acoustic Figures,' by Charles Wheatstone, Esq., communicated by Michael Faraday, Esq., F.R.S.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 8.—Mr. Wheatstone on the duration of luminous impressions on the organ of vision. The first experiment noticed, was the well-known one of the Chevalier D'Arcy, who ascertained, that a red hot coal rapidly whirled round, so as to return to the precise point from which it started, in the eighth part of a second, appeared as a perfect ring of light, as if the coal had left the trace of its passage in the air. More recent experiments were then alluded to, by which it has been proved, that the duration of an impression varies, with the intensity and colour of the luminous object; amongst others, the investigations of Professor Plateau, of Brussels, were particularly referred to, from which it appears, that the colours arranged in the order of the permanency of the impressions they produce, are yellow, red, and blue; yellow occasioning the most durable sensation, and blue the least. The combining proportions of different colours, were shown to depend on the relative energies of the sensations they produce; thus, it requires four parts of blue to one of red, to form a neutral violet, &c.; and, it was proved by several experiments, that the rapid alternations of two colours upon the eye, gave rise to very different appearances to those resulting from the material mixture of the same colours. Mr. W. then proceeded to establish, by some experiments of his own, that the intensity of the line described by the motion of a luminous point, diminishes, as the velocity of the motion increases, and increases with the frequency of recurrence of the generating point; when a luminous point continues to describe the same curve, variations of velocity occasion no alteration in the brightness of the images, as these two effects exactly compensate each other. To illustrate these principles, Mr. W. exhibited a little instrument, which, when at rest, showed a number of luminous points, arranged on a small wheel, half an inch in diameter; and putting this into rapid motion, by means of a train of wheels immediately connected with it, each point appeared to expand into a different line, and the symmetrical arrangement of these lines, formed a beautiful and brilliant figure. The elegant and diversified curves seen, on placing a polished bead on the extremity of a vibrating rod, were then shown; and various ways of ascertaining the number of oscillations of a vibrating body, by combining its motion, rendered evident by this means, with some other motion, the direction and velocity of which is known, were detailed.

Numerous illusions, occasioned by the duration of luminous impressions, were afterwards

shown and explained; and the principle of the revolving mirror, which afforded Mr. W. the means of making those experiments on electric light, which were explained on the preceding Friday by Mr. Faraday, was more fully developed than on that occasion. Among the new experiments shown by means of this mirror, was the following:—a flame of hydrogen gas burning in the open air, appeared in the mirror as a continuous circle, but when burning in a glass tube, so as to occasion a musical sound, the circle appeared to be formed of discontinuous spots of light, indicating alternate condensations and dilatations of the flame, corresponding to the vibrations of the column of air in the tube.

Mr. W. concluded, by observing that the experiments he had brought forward this evening, proved that an affection of vision, to which very little attention had been hitherto paid, might be usefully employed in investigations concerning physical phenomena, with which, at first thought, it might not appear to have the most remote connexion.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

March 5.—The increased merits of the articles forming the exhibition, at the meeting of this Society on Tuesday sennight, gave ample evidence, if any other proof were wanting, of the advance of the season; and in several instances, of the mastery which is gradually being obtained over the numerous difficulties and obstacles scattered in the way of successful cultivation. Fruit of the *Maclura Aurantiaca* or Osage Orange, Black Tripoli, Black Hamburgh, and Charlesworth Tokay Grapes, and plants of a fine hybrid *Rhododendron* (between *R. arboreum* and *R. catawbiense*), *Camellias cyclamea*, *Helleborus odoratus*, *Thunbergia coccinea*, and *Acacia decurrens*, held conspicuous stations in the collection; but the principal attraction was, an *Azalea Indica*, about five feet in height, from the conservatory of J. Horsly Palmer, Esq., the entire surface of which, presented an unbroken mass of blossom.

The papers read, consisted of 'Remarks on the preservation of Seeds,' by Mr. C. M. Willich, and 'Observation on the *Maclura Aurantiaca*,' by Mr. W. Skirring, by which the variety is assigned a place in the class *Dioecia*, instead of that to which, in Botany, it has hitherto been referred.

Grafts of fruit trees were distributed among the Fellows.

The Vice President announced, that it was the intention of the Society, to hold three meetings at their Garden at Chiswick, in the months of May, June, and July, at which, exhibitions of fruit and flowers would take place, and medals be awarded for the best contributions.

John Howard Galton, Esq. was elected a Fellow of the Society.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 12.—Lord Stanley, President, in the chair.—Mr. Bennett read a letter from Geoffroy St. Hilaire, acknowledging the prompt attention with which his application for certain printed proceedings had been received, and stating further particulars of his views of the structure and functions of the glandular apparatus on the abdomen of the ornithorhynchus. A letter from Mr. Telfair was also read, which referred to several skins of birds sent with it, and also to various bones (from a cave in the Island of Rodriguez), some of which belonging to a large bird, the latter stated might possibly be those of the Dodo. Descriptions of several new shells from Mr. Cuming's collection, were read. The species belonged to the genera *Cypraea* and *Corbula*. Mr. Gould exhibited a handsome species of Toucan, remarkable for the shining metallic appearance of numerous curled feathers covering

the top of the head. Lord Stanley sent for exhibition two very remarkable penguins, and made some observations on their structure and habits. The species were the hairy and woolly penguins of Dr. Latham's General History of Birds. Mr. Thompson, of Belfast, exhibited a new species of tern, shot on one of the Copeland islands, off the county of Down. A detailed description was read, and the name *Sterna Hibernica* proposed for it. Mr. Thompson also exhibited specimens of the Sandwich tern, and *Larus capistratus*, both killed in Ireland.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 13.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq. President, in the chair. James Hatfield, Esq. and the Rev. William Otter, Principal of King's College, were elected Fellows of this Society.

A paper 'On the Geology of the Environs of Bonn,' by Leonard Horner, Esq. F.G.S. F.R.S. was read.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Phrenological Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Linnean Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Horticultural Society .....	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Royal Society of Literature .....	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts .....	past 7, P.M.
	Royal Society .....	past 8, P.M.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.
	City of London Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione .....	past 8, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution .....	past 8, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—At the meeting held on Monday evening, the Rev. Professor Sedgwick in the chair, a memoir by the Marchese Spineto was read, containing objections, founded on astronomical considerations, and on the examination of ancient authors, to the chronological system of Sir Isaac Newton; and reasons for preferring the more extended chronology which is suggested by the study of Egyptian antiquities. After the meeting, Dr. Jermyn exhibited various ornaments, some of them of the kind called "Samian," found in association with bones, partly interred and partly deposited in urns at Exning and at Bartlow, in that neighbourhood. The skeletons have invariably been found lying in threes, with their faces downwards. Professor Sedgwick also gave an account, illustrated by drawings and sections, of the geology of North Wales. He stated that, by various traverses across Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, it was ascertained that the strata of that district are bent into saddles and troughs, of which the anticlinal and synclinal lines occur alternately, and are all nearly parallel to the "great Merionethshire anticlinal line." The bearing of these facts upon the general views of Elie de Beaumont was noticed; and it was observed that the approximate parallelism of the most prominent mountain chains of Wales, the Isle of Man, Cumberland, and the south of Scotland, corroborate the justice of this theory up to a certain point; although on a wider scale these apparently parallel straight lines may be found to be portions of curves of small curvature.

West London Literary Institution.—Mr. Otto Schmjd, of Berlin, delivered a lecture at this institution last Monday, on the English and German languages, which he analytically compared. He entered minutely into the causes that prevented the old Saxon from becoming the literary language of Germany, and showed by numerous examples, that if that dialect had not been checked in its progress to perfection, by the Norman conquest here, and the predominance of the high German abroad, it would probably have held the highest rank among philosophical languages.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

A very interesting Panorama of A View of the Siege of Antwerp will this day open to the public. We have not often been more gratified than with the private view at which we were present on Thursday. Battles and sieges are not generally intelligible to civilians, but here not only is the whole made reasonably plain, but we were fortunately accompanied by an engineer officer, who was at the siege from the opening of the first parallel to the surrender of the city. We could, therefore, if it were our good pleasure, discourse most learnedly about lunettes, counter batteries, demi-lunes, bastions, and breaching batteries; but five minutes view of the Panorama will explain all infinitely more to the satisfaction of our readers; and the description sold at the doors gives a very full report of the proceedings at the siege, and of the objects in the view. There is, however, one little interesting addition that we must make to the account of Antoinette Moran. This woman was a sutler, of whom a certain number are attached to each French regiment; they wear a peculiar costume, and generally carry with them a small basket of loaves and a keg of spirits, to supply the wants of the soldiers. During this siege these women distinguished themselves by their bold daring, and by their attentive care of the wounded; and Antoinette, who during the attack on St. Laurent actually crossed the fossé on a raft, exposed to a desperate fire, to supply the miners with provisions, had the honour of being specially mentioned in the despatches of Marshal Gérard. In consequence, she was presented to the King at Valenciennes, and received from him a gold medal and a pension, when, strange as it may appear, she was so overcome with gentle and womanly feeling, that the heroine who had faced a fusillade which made brave men tremble, actually fainted away!

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Right Hon. Charles Earl Grey.* Painted by F. R. Say. Engraved by W. Say. Ackermann & Co.

THIS is a full-length, and a good likeness of the Premier, and cannot be otherwise than welcome to reformed England. It, however, strikes us, to speak critically, that the legs are a little too fine, and the accessories a little too strong; but, be we right or wrong, the picture is a pleasing one.

*The Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta.* Painted by T. Phillips, R.A. Engraved by J. Bromley. Moon & Co.

To paint a good picture of a man so lost in lawn as a bishop, requires a skilful artist, and to engrave it so as to do the work justice, demands something of the same sort of ingenuity. Much has been accomplished in the portrait before us.

*Duchess of Kent.* Painted by Rothwell. Drawn on Stone by Lane. Dickenson.

THE expression of this portrait is gentle and sweet: the hat and feather are too dark and voluminous for the head.

*The Hon. Lady Elizabeth Harcourt.* Painted by G. Hayter; drawn on stone by W. Sharpe. Dickenson.

THE lady is curbing the luxuriance of her locks with a string of pearls, and doing her work gracefully.

*Engravings from the Works of Liversage.* Moon & Co. Part 4.

THERE are three prints in this number: 1, 'The Recruit,' 2, 'The Fisherman,' 3, 'Little Red



Riding Hood,' and original nature is strong in them all; the path of poor Red Riding Hood is crossed by a wolf, and the gathered flowers are dropping from her lap. The Fisherman looks at the sea, and thinks on the empty quart pot in his hand, and stands in ludicrous indecision between tempting the yeasty waves or venturing on a new score for brown stout. The Recruit, with ribbons at his hat, and his sergeant on one side and sweetheart at the other, sits balancing the matter between glory and love; if he would but look to the left, he would get a warning—a poor old soldier with a wooden leg—

Begs bitter bread through realms his valour saved. Nothing can surpass the quiet sergeant and the cool corporal: they feel they have hooked the gudgeon, and rest satisfied.

*The Camera.* No. I. *Sketches at Hastings.* By H. Mellings. Moon & Co.

SOME clever descriptions accompany these sea-coast sketches. The pencil has wrought with spirit, and the hand of the etcher has done its duty. The coast scene has enough of land and wave, to interest all lovers of the picturesque; but 'The Fisherman' is our favourite; he is a fine, homespun, manly fellow, with a maritime air about him, such as few artists can bestow.

*Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury.* Nos. IV. and V. Brodie & Co., Salisbury. This little publication cannot fail to interest all who are natives of Salisbury, or are acquainted with its interesting buildings.

*St. Aldgate's Alms-houses, Oxford.* Delamotte. THESE interesting ruins are very neatly drawn and etched: they are partly roofless now; but, in other days, they held King Charles and his little Parliament. They are about to be pulled down to make room for the new front of Pembroke College.

*Three Ponies, rode and drove by H.R.H. the Princess Victoria.* Dickenson.

THE Princess gives her ponies too much corn, and uses the whip too little: they are far too sleek and fat for work, though they do very well to limn on stone and exhibit.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday, the incomparable opera, 'Freischütz,' was given by the new German company. Mad. Pirscher, the *prima donna*, has a good voice, and sings with feeling; the parts sustained, heretofore, by Haitzinger, Pellegrini, and Mad. Schneider, are now filled by Binder, Kockert, and Madlle. Nina Sontag, whose talents and voices are many degrees inferior. Nor do we think the chorus singers so good as those of last season; the tenors sang flat, and the basses wanted power and energy. The overture was encoored; the divertissement which followed, consisted of a few dances, by the junior members of the corps de ballet.

Mozart's 'Figaro,' is expected to be given this evening: we hope Costa will respect the composer, and give us the music without any mutilation.

The two sisters Elslers, from Dresden, made their *début* in the ballet of 'Faust,' on Saturday: they are graceful and fine dancers—but, we have not yet had time to forget Taglioni.

*Second Philharmonic Concert.*—The *sinfonia* in E flat, by Spohr, performed on this occasion, is, to our taste, the chef-d'œuvre of that composer's orchestral compositions. We had also Beethoven's *sinfonia* in A No. 7, a still finer work, and of a higher character:—the move-

ment in A minor is magnificent—the solemnity of the basses beginning the motif, and the change of harmony to a six-four, on the dominant to C major—the simplicity of the counterpoint—the pathos of the melody in a major—the syncopations in the fugue, and the bold daring of beginning and ending with a burst of wind instruments, are some of its finest effects. Let the reader add to the spirited and correct execution of two such *sinfonias*, Weber's brilliant (and to us always affecting) overture of Euryanthe, and then acknowledge with us, that it was worth a whole season's subscription.

A MS. quintetto, by J. B. Cramer, for piano-forte, violin, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso, was performed, for the first time, by himself and four others; the *andante* contained a few snatches from Mozart. A concertino was exceedingly well executed on the violin by Mr. Wolff, a young German, lately arrived in London. He executes passages well in tune, and has a good *staccato* bow, and was much applauded. Mad. de Meric blundered in Mozart's 'Per pietà,' a difficult song for even a better singer. Miss Masson and Mr. Horncastle sang Spohr's beautiful duet in *Jessonda*, and, with Mr. Taylor, Beethoven's trio 'Tremate, empi, tremate.' Sir G. Smart, in the true capacity of a conductor, stood with a baton in his hand, and we never heard the band go better.

*Second Antient Concert.*—Director, Lord Burghersh.—Some recruits from the Royal Academy of Music have been added to the choir and band, who, if carefully drilled, will give increased effect to both. Two fine madrigals, sung by the entire corps-vocal, were very effective. Amongst the novelties in the performance, was the 'Credo,' from Mozart's 12th Mass; the tenor solo sung by Donzelli. Messrs. Parry, jun., Horncastle, and Bennett, made their first appearance at these concerts, and sung in their best manner. Mrs. Bishop, Miss Masson, and Mrs. Knyvett, Phillips, and the new bass singer Mr. Machin, took a part in this concert. The selection was a good one, such as we anticipated from the director. We would prefer to hear more of Haydn—why not give the whole of an act from the 'Creation,' an act from the 'Seasons,' and a selection from his Masses, and also from the Masses of Haydn's brother, whose sacred works are of the highest order?

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Practical Rules for producing Harmonic Notes on the Violin, with a Theoretical Explanation of the Manner in which Musical Notes, Natural and Harmonic, are produced by Vibrating Strings.* Composed and arranged by an Amateur.

THOSE who have witnessed the surprising feats of Paganini, and listened to the enchanting effects of his sustained melodies will derive satisfaction from attentively examining the above rules, wherein is explained the entire mystery of the art of playing harmonics. We think the author has theoretically exhibited more than would be practically effective, yet it is satisfactory to know the extent of such artful resources. The double harmonics of Paganini puzzled us until we perused the above rules. The single harmonic-notes, which are produced by placing the finger lightly on the open string or stopt-note, exactly at the interval of a perfect-fourth, have often been introduced in violin music; in rapid scales and a thousand new and ingenious passages, Paganini alone has the merit of having used them, but it would be folly for any other violinist to suppose that the mere abstract quality of harmonic notes, without the resources of a fine imagination, could ever excite admiration or applause.

*Christian Vespers.* Written and composed by C. Hutcheson, Esq., Glasgow.

THIS work is professedly written to improve "the present depressed state of church music," at least so we infer from the preface. That it will go far towards accomplishing the author's design, we very much doubt.

*From thy shores, my loved Scotland.* Composed for Mrs. Wood, by H. R. Bishop.

Mrs. Wood, like a good patriot, would sing this with fine feeling. The innumerable demands on Bishop's invention, make it impossible for him to be always original; he is, however, generally correct in his musical expression, which is a recommendation to this song.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

Mr. Bernard, the author of the successful farce called 'The Nervous Man,' is to appear this evening in the part of *M'Shane*. Mr. Bernard had made arrangements to be paid a nightly sum during the run of his farce, and that run has been stopped—first, by Mr. Power's having leave of absence for a fortnight to act in Edinburgh, and subsequently, by some disagreement, which has caused Mr. Power's retirement from Drury Lane Theatre. This is one of the numerous hardships to which dramatic authors are liable under the present system; and we sincerely hope that every allowance will be made (should it be needed) for the arduous task which circumstances have imposed on Mr. Bernard, and that the public will generously second him in his laudable and honest endeavour to indemnify himself for the loss he has sustained. The hardship on him is materially increased, by the fact that Mr. Power, during his absence, was actually playing in this very farce with great success in Edinburgh; and that, under the existing laws there seems to be no process by which Mr. Bernard can obtain fair remuneration from those who have been profiting at his cost.

### COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Hackett, the American actor, who, some time since made a very favourable impression at Drury Lane Theatre, appeared here for the first time on Saturday last. The farce chosen is called 'The Kentuckian; or, a Trip to New York.' It has been attributed, in the papers, to Mr. Bernard; but we have been informed, that that gentleman is responsible for nothing beyond cutting down an American comedy in three acts, into the present farce. There is a part in it, called *Mrs. Luminary*, acted by Mrs. Gibbs, and intended, as it would seem, as a skit upon Mrs. Trollope. This part might, no doubt, be effective in America, where the writings of that lady have given offence, but it lost its interest here, from a want of being generally understood. The principal character is *Colonel Nimrod Wildfire*, a Kentuckian, and it is represented by Mr. Hackett with a degree of ease and spirit which rank him high as an actor, and with such truth and force, that it cannot fail to be greatly amusing to those who have ever met with any of the originals from whom it is drawn; while those who have not, may safely take it upon trust as a genuine portrait. The audience on Saturday took praiseworthy pains to understand the part, and as soon as they did, they relished it much and laughed heartily. Some of the tough Kentuckian stories, as told by Mr. Hackett, have before appeared in the columns of the *Athenæum*;† but they certainly derive an additional flavour from the good-humoured, clever, and characteristic way in which he delivers them. The farce has since been several times repeated with increased success.

† See No. 210, p. 725.

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## MISCELLANEA

*Style of Scientific Writers.*—A writer in the last number of *The New Monthly*, having occasion to touch on this subject, stigmatizes the whole class of English scientific writers, as being remarkable for the want of literary taste: he not only assumes this to be true, but assigns reasons why it must be true; and as these are of universal application, they will, if true at all, apply to the scientific men of all nations. We cannot but believe, that the writer has formed his opinions, not upon any knowledge of the writings of eminent scientific men, but upon some theory, founded upon his notions of the nature and tendency of mathematical and physical research, and of the effects which he supposes them to produce on the mind. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that facts are opposed to his conclusions. From the nature of scientific investigation, and from the few extrinsic attractions which it holds out to those who may be disposed to cultivate it, it has happened that the number of scientific writers bears a very small proportion to the number who have cultivated, or attempted to cultivate, the general fields of literature; we must, therefore, when comparing the two departments, judge not by the absolute number of good writers in each, but by the proportion which the number of good writers bears to the whole, and then we suspect that the predominance of pure and correct literary taste would be found in favour of the scientific writers. Has the contributor to *The New Monthly* ever looked into the works of Newton, Bacon, Halley, and others of former times? or does he forget the productions of Davy, Herschel (father and son), Young, Playfair, and many others of inferior note, of our own time? We might mention instances of philosophical writers, whose very defects of style are of a nature the reverse of those to which he alludes: for example, Leslie, even when writing on Abstract Mathematics, was florid and poetical, even to a vice. Among foreign writers, the instances are still more numerous. Euler, when deprived of sight, cheered his hours of repose by the recital of the *Æneid*, which, from memory, he was able to do, from beginning to end. The writings of Leibnitz are an instance not less pointedly opposed to the same hypothesis. Early and assiduous study of the classics gave to the writer that elegance and taste for which his works are so remarkable. Has the contributor to *The New Monthly* looked into the works of Descartes, D'Alembert, and Laplace? We must believe that he has not, or he would never have hazarded the opinions to which we have referred.

*Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*—There is so much that is incomprehensible in the proceedings of this Society, that it is always with reluctance we advert to the subject. A new work, however, has lately been issued by Mr. Charles Knight, their publisher, called *The Companion to the Newspapers*, which it is stated in the advertisement is to be had "wholesale, of all the Agents for the sale of *The Penny Magazine*," and which *The Times* newspaper quoted from, on the 5th of March, and described as "a new Monthly Publication, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Now, under these circumstances, there can be no doubt, that *The Companion to the Newspapers* is the property of the Society; it never could have been permitted that any private speculation should be announced after this fashion, or that the paragraph in *The Times* should pass uncontradicted if not true. For the present, then, we are content to note these facts, that there may be no after-dispute.

*Incredible!*—The following is an extract from "the notes of business," prepared by the secretary, and to be submitted to the consideration of

the Record Commissioners. "Notwithstanding the numerous reports, printed and manuscript, that make mention of the *Acta Dominorum Auditorum* and *Acta Dominorum Concilii*, printed at Edinburgh under the authority of the Record Commission, their existence was, and not without reason, doubted, when, upon application to Mr. Caley, he stated he had no recollection of any such publication. These doubts have, however, been effectually removed, in consequence of the secretary having obtained from His Majesty's printers in Scotland, copies of their bills, one of which contains the following items:—

November 2, 1816.  
1000 copies *Acta Dominorum Concilii*—  
100 sheets pica folio, printed with abbreviated types ..... £1310 6 7  
2 Fac-simile Engravings, from Records, for ditto ..... 38 0 0  
1000 copies *Acta Auditorum*—63 sheets pica folio, printed with abbreviated types 736 18 3  
2 Fac-simile Engravings, from Records, for ditto ..... 44 14 0  
See Cooper on the Public Records, Vol. 2, pp. 218, 224, and 472. Ever since the compilation was published, many endeavours have been made to obtain copies of the *Acta Dominorum Concilii* and *Acta Dominorum Auditorum*, but they have been equally unsuccessful. Here then is above 2000l. paid in 1816 (!) for reprinting certain records, not a single copy of which can be discovered!

*A New Literary Journal*, under the title of *L'Europe Littéraire, Journal de la Littérature Nationale et Etrangère*, has just been started at Paris. Politics are entirely excluded from it, and Charles Nodier is one of the contributors.

*Gresham Prize Medal.*—We accidentally omitted to state at the time, that the gold medal for 1832, for the best original composition in sacred vocal music, was adjudged to Mr. Kellow; Mr. John Pye, Dr. Crotch, Mr. R. J. S. Stevens, and Mr. William Horsley, were the umpires, by whom the prize was awarded.

*Cambridge.*—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficient in classical learning among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Wednesday last adjudged to Edward Herbert Bunbury, of Trinity College, and James Hildyard, of Christ's College.

*The Earl of Richmond's Sword.*—A correspondent, in reference to the anecdote quoted from 'Piozziana,' has sent us an extract from a work called 'Scenes in North Wales,' relative to the Apocryphal Sword; where it is stated that "Richard Ap Howell, then Lord of Mostyn, joined Henry in Bosworth Field, and, after the battle, was presented by the grateful monarch with the belt and sword he wore that day. To King Henry's invitation to follow him to Court, the Welshman replied, 'Sire, I dwell among mine own people.' Our correspondent also points to an inaccuracy in the anecdote as related in the 'Piozziana,' where it is said that Henry merely stopped 'for a day' at Mostyn Hall, "whereas he was entertained there for some time, and an apartment, at one end of the gallery, is still called the King's room, wherein his plans for the invasion of England were fully matured."

When two hearts united by long, tried, and valued friendship, are divorced by death, 'tis the survivor dies.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

*Mr. John Thomas Smith*, the keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, died suddenly on Friday the 8th. He was well known from the situation which he held, and the works which at various times he edited; and he will be long remembered by the frequenters of the Museum—not so much for his knowledge of works of art, as for his abundant gossip on matters connected therewith. He was the son of old Nathaniel Smith, the printseller, formerly of May's Buildings, a well known jackal to the Walpoles,

Gulstons, and Cracherodes, the great print collectors of other days. The father etched a little, and from his instruction the son acquired the like art. When a very young man he commenced a series of Illustrations of the Antiquities of London and its Environs; the first number of which work was published so early as 1791, and the last not till 1800. During its progress he also published 'Remarks on Rural Scenery, with twenty etchings of Cottages from Nature,' &c. 4to. 1797; this was followed by the 'Antiquities of Westminster,' 1807—and in 1809 he published sixty-two additional plates to this latter work. In 1810 he commenced his 'Ancient Topography of London,' consisting principally of specimens of domestic architecture. After this appeared, with an introduction by Francis Douce, his 'Vagabondiana, or, Etchings of remarkable Beggars, &c. of notoriety in London and its Environs.' His last publication was the 'Life of Nollekens'—written in a spirit of disappointed spleen, universally and justly condemned. We understand that he has left a posthumous work, entitled, a 'History of his own Life and Times.'

The most important matter now to be considered is, who shall be his successor at the Museum? We hope, for the credit of the country, that the place will be given to some one of ability and experience. Several candidates have started—two we have heard named, and both of them are well entitled to hope for it, while some dozen others have no pretension except personal influence.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 7	46 30	30.10	N.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 8	43 28	30.20	N.	Snow, P.M.
Sat. 9	42 32	30.08	N.W. to N.E.	Ditto.
Sun. 10	43 30	29.90	N.E.	Clear.
Mon. 11	44 33	29.70	N.E.	Snow, A.M.
Tues. 12	40 25	29.90	N.E.	Clear.
Wed. 13	41 24	29.50	S.	Cloudy.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulostratus, Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 35° 5'. Greatest variation, 21°.

Nights and Mornings frosty except Monday. Day increased on Wednesday, 3h. 54 min.

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*Errata.*—In No. 279. p. 137. col. 2, line 24, for "Black Hawk," read *Black Hawk*: p. 138, col. 1, line 12, for "national" read *sectional*.

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**NORTHERN SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of the FINE ARTS.**  
Exhibitors and the Public are informed that the Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts will open their Gallery on or about the First of May next; and that Works of Art will be received during all the year.

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